FROM where the stately pines of Maine
Their crests lift to the sky
To where the blossoms gem the plains
That toward the sunset lie—
Our banner in its glory waves
Without a missing star,
O'er happy homes, o'er patriot graves,
Unmarred to-day by war.

The bells of Liberty ring out
From sounding shore to shore,
And loud and lofty is the shout:
"Our land for evermore!"
Through every sea our navies glide,
Their sails kissed by the sun,
And Honor lays her wreath beside
The sword of Washington.

The winds that sweep the icy gorge
Of boundless freedom sing,
And patriots to Valley Forge
Their votive off'rings bring:
Aye, thro' the mists that dim the years
We see the early day;
And not a loyal freeman fears
A foe from far away.

The mountains' bare and rugged peaks
Our Nation's worth proclaim,
And every lucent river speaks
The story of our fame;
O'er all the land our fathers gave
And blessed with pray'r Divine,
In peace rejoice the free and brave
From orange tree to pine.

Unfettered soar the thoughts of all
Where'er our standard flies,
Aye, Right must rise and Wrong must fall
'Neath Freedom's azure skies;
With laureled progress in the van
We march with pride to-day;
Before us newer hope for man,
Behind us old Cathay.

Then, let the anthems that we raise
From swelling sea to sea
Fill every heart with peace and praise,
Beneath our banner free;
For man is man where'er it flies
In splendor, near or far;
No evil in its shadow lies,
No stain on stripe or star.
—T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

How JIMMY LOST TOD.

LOUIE says she'll correct the spelling and other wrong things in this; so it won't be my fault if it isn't all right. I s'pose Jerry'd think she could do it better, but I'd rather have Louie, anyhow; and Jerry'd always have to be spoken of as Geraldine, which is too long to write often.

All the boys call her Jerry behind her back, though she doesn't know it—and it's lucky for them. You see, Jerry gets mad pretty easy. P'raps it's 'cause she teaches school.

Mother says boys are trying. She thinks I'm a very trying boy, and I s'pose she ought to know. I wonder if old people ever think they are trying themselves? They are, anyhow. I don't mean mother.

Well, to proceed—that's a good way of putting it, I know, 'cause Mr. Simpkins said it in his lecture, and Louie said: "Now, Jimmy, don't ramble, but stick to your story." So here goes for sticking—I mean proceeding. It's hard work, 'cause I never wrote a real story before.

The reason why my story happened on the fifth was 'cause Fourth of July came on Sunday that year, so that firecrackers and other celebrations had to wait over.

And it was hard for the boys that waited, judging from experience—Mr. Simpkins said that, too. It sounds well, I think, besides being a fact.

Well, mother said I could get up at five a. m. on Monday, and not a minute before, and then I did think mother was very trying, indeed.

I knew I'd wake up sooner, and, sure 'nough, I did, and heard the clock strike four. It was a long time till half-past four, and four minutes from that the sun would rise, I knew, for I'd looked in the almanac.

I just raised up in bed to peek at my firecrackers and punk, lying handy, and that half hour was longer than the other.

I can tell you it didn't take me long to slide into my clothes when the time came, and I did wash my face, though my toothbrush happened to slip back of the washstand, and I didn't feel like taking the time to get it out.

Tod heard me moving 'round, and came in from her room; so I had to help her a good deal, and that wasted a lot of time. But she's a smart child, and combed her own hair pretty well, considering.

P'r'aps you don't know that Tod's (short for Toddlekins) our youngest. Somebody thought I meant a dog one day when I spoke of her; but I think Tod's a fine name, being short and sort of brisk.

Well, we tiptoed downstairs, so's not to wake anybody.

Tod slipped down one step, dropped her torpedoes and began to cry. But I spoke up as much like Jerry as I could:

"Tod, not a word, or you go back to bed."

That scared her so she jumped and dropped another package; so I had to pick her up and carry her out of the front door quick, torpedoes and all.

It was a fine day, a glorious Fourth—or maybe I should call it a Fifth, only that doesn't sound right.

No one was around 'cept the men at the station, who were getting the early train ready.

Billy Crocker had promised to meet me, and I was going to provide him with firecrackers, 'cause he spent his money for lemon balls and felt delicate 'bout asking for any more to celebrate with.

But no Billy showed up. So I let Tod fire off a good many crackers, and she only burned her dress in one place. It was a new one, and I'd forgotten the apron mother said she must surely wear, but I took some consolation in knowing that if Tod had had on her apron it would have been burned, and now it wasn't.

Anyhow, I don't see how boys can be expected to remember aprons, not wearing such things themselves.

Just as mother said, Tod began to be sleepy in no time. But I'd promised to take care of her, and knew she would go in the house and go to sleep again. It was really pretty early for a five-year-old to get up. She wanted to 'cause I did so, so mother said she could try it.

I like to please Tod. She's my favorite sister, too. She's nearer my age, and the others are so grown-up—p'rticularly Jerry. Then, besides, I'm Tod's favorite brother; at least, I should be if she had another, which she hasn't.

"SEE ANYTHING OF A LITTLE LOST GIRL?"

To proceed: I told Tod to run in and take a nap, and to do it softly, so's not to wake 'em up; for it couldn't be six yet, as the early train hadn't started.

Billy Crocker came along then, running like mad.

"Hello!" says he. "Guess I'm late."

"Guess you are, lazy-bones," says I, handing him some crackers and punk. "But now you're here, so blaze away."

"Jimmy," cried Tod, touching my arm; and the cracker I'd lighted went off rather quick. However, it didn't hurt much. I put my finger in my mouth to cool it. "Jimmy, I can't open the front door; it's locked."

"That's so!" I says. "How stupid of me! I forgot to fix the night latch."

"Oh, Jimmy, I'm awful sleepy," says Tod.

It wouldn't have hurt her a bit to take a nap on the nice warm grass, but mother had warned me 'specially 'gainst that. If Louie had been home, I could have called her quietly. She was away on a visit, though, and I hated to disturb mother and father.

"Let her take a nap in that empty car," says Billy.

It had stood on the side track several days, and I thought it a capital idea. So I went across the road with Tod and she laid down on one of the cushion seats.

It was pretty warm, but I didn't want to run any risks, so Billy rolled up his coat for a pillow and I put mine over her, and she was fast asleep in a minute.

We had a fine time after that, Billy being a boy with ideas. What we didn't do with firecrackers isn't worth mentioning. But after the bad luck we had setting off some in front of the chicken coop—we nearly killed two of our best chickens—I drew the line at firing any near the setting hen.

Billy thought it would be fun to see what she'd do, but somehow I felt it would be better not to. Besides, that hen was Jerry's.

I never thought once of Tod till most breakfast time, when mother put her head out of the window and called:

"Come, Jimmy; it's time to get ready for breakfast. Bring Tod in."

"All right!" I shouted; and Billy and I ran over to the track.

And no car was there!

Billy and I just looked at each other, and I felt kind of dizzy. He stuck both hands in his pockets and said "Whew!" with a very red face.

"The car's gone!" said I, though p'r'aps it wasn't a necessary remark.

The next minute we were rushing into the station and asking if the car had gone with the six o'clock train.

The agent said it had, and asked me if I felt sick. Well, I did, sort of; but I hadn't time to tell him so, and I ran, full tilt, out of the station door and got into the 7:50 that was just ready to start.

"What are you going to do?" says Billy.

"Go right after her," says I. "Come along."

"Got any change?" says he.

He always thinks of that, p'r'aps 'cause he's usually hard up.

"Yes, I have. Hurry up and get in."

So in he tumbled, and none too fast, for the engine puffed off right after. Hardly anyone was in the train, and the conductor seemed to be taking a holiday, too, for he didn't come 'round till we got 'most to New York.

We didn't talk much, 'cause after Billy'd asked me what I was going to do, there didn't seem to be much to talk about.

We didn't stop anywhere, for it was an express train, but we heard lots of Fourth of July noise and saw lots of boys and girls having a good time. My, how I wished I could change my place with them.

And then I thought: Poor little Tod, where was she? How frightened she must be!

"I s'pose the men at the station don't know anything 'bout Tod?" broke in Billy, after we'd been quiet a long time.

"Of course the men in that train'd know," says I.

"That train's gone back by this time, you silly!"

I'd never thought of that. Just then 'long came the conductor.

"Tickets!" said he.

And of course we hadn't any, but I paid him, and he gave me a slip of cardboard with printing on it. He looked good-natured. I'd often seen him before, so I just told him the whole story.

He sat down in front of us, as kind and sympathetic as could be.

"It's too late now," said he; "the train's started back. We passed it at Martinville. But I'll make inquiries. Don't you cry, little boy."

And I wasn't. One or two tears aren't crying, I hope.

"Then your parents will be in a fine worry, too," says he. "I'll send them a telegram when the train gets in."

The minute we got into the station the conductor took us to a room, where he said lost articles were sent.

"My sister isn't an article," says I, thinking of "a," "an," and "the," that I was studying about in grammar.

"I guess you'd think she was a very precious article if you could find her." And he sort of laughed. I don't see how he could.

"See anything of a little lost girl on the six o'clock local from Harristown?" the conductor asked, when we got to the lost article room.

"No," said a man, writing at a desk, never looking up. "Nothing reported here, except three handkerchiefs, a glove and two boys' coats brought in from that train. That's all."

"Those are our coats," said I.

"Then identify 'em," said the man.

I looked at Billy and he looked at me; then we both looked at the conductor, who laughed again.

"Describe your coats, boys," said he.

"Oh!" says we. And then we told him, and he brought out two coats, which, sure 'nough, were ours.

"Mine was over her and Billy's was rolled up under her head," I said.

"Who?" asked the man.

"Tod," I said.

"Was that your brother's name?"

"No, sir; it's my sister's, and I should think you might act 's if you cared a little, 'cause she's lost."

"Oh, she'll turn up all right," said that hard-hearted, mean man, and went on writing.

All this time the conductor had been standing in the doorway, with his forehead all puckered up, like father's when he's thinking.

"Come, boys," says he; "we'll go and tel'graph to your father."

"I'll bet my kite you'll never see her again, Jimmy," Billy said, and then he began to tell me a story 'bout a little girl who got lost and was never found.

I don't b'lieve I ever liked Billy Crocker so little as then, but I tried to make 'lowances for him, 'cause Tod wasn't his sister, you see. Besides, if I'd spoken sharp to him, as I felt half a mind to, I was sure I'd break out crying.

After the conductor had tel'graphed to father, we got in the car again. He gave Billy and me each two sandwiches. He said he thought we must be hungry. And he was right, and ever since that I don't think conductors can be beat for being good to little boys.

He made the train stop at every station on the way back, but every time he'd come in he'd say: "No news yet," and I wished he wouldn't say it quite so often.

Billy tried to "cheer me" by telling all kinds of stories. He said he was certain Tod had either been stolen for a ransom or else she'd been carried off so's to sell her hair for wigs, like a story he'd read, or she might have been sold somewhere for a slave.

"Anyhow, she's a goner, Jimmy," said he at the last station before Harristown, "and I'm sorry for you, 'cause you're 'most sure to get a licking."

That's 'bout the way I looked at it, but somehow I felt the worst about Tod.

When we got to Harristown we saw mother and father standing on the station platform. The next minute the train had stopped, and Billy said: "I'm glad I'm not in your shoes, Jimmy." And then he sneaked out of the rear door and was gone quicker'n you could wink.

Well, when I got out, I just rushed up to mother and put both arms around her, and said:

"Oh, mother! what shall we do?"

She hugged me just as tight and kissed me.

"My poor, dear, careless boy!" said she.

"Oh, Jimmy, we was so scared 'bout you!" said somebody else.

And I looked up in a hurry, and there—would you b'lieve it?—stood Tod!

"Why—why, mother!" was all I could manage to say.

Then father asked me some questions and seemed as glad to see me as if I'd been lost 'stead of Tod.

Then we went over home. I felt so tired and sleepy I could hardly walk, and as soon as we got there I laid down on the lounge and was made much of by everyone, 'stead of being in disgrace, as I supposed I'd be.

Tod sat in her little chair close to me and held my hand in one of hers and her doll in the other one, and I never saw her look so pretty, and she explained the whole thing.

"Why, Jimmie," said she, "I woke up in just a little while and climbed out of the car. And Norah was at the back door and I went right in. So I wasn't lost at all."

Nobody scolded me the least bit. Mother said she thought I'd be punished enough, and she hop'd I'd profit by it. Then she kissed me.

After Jerry came home I heard her say one day to father:

"I b'lieve you're right 'bout James. I really see signs of improvement in him at last."

And I think that's the most remarkable part of my story, don't you?—Chelsea G. Fraser, in Detroit Free Press.

KISSED THE WRONG WOMAN.

It Was Dark and the Enthusiastic Speaker Thought She Was His Wife.

Previous to the construction of the ladies' gallery in the house of commons, says Mrs. Fenwick Miller, the only spot from which any lady could hear the debates was from the ventilator opening in the roof.

Elizabeth Fry was the first woman to be allowed to go up there. The Quaker members of parliament procured from the speaker a permit for her to be there during the debates on prison reform, in their votes on which they were always guided by her experienced advice. Other ladies followed occasionally, but it was a most uncomfortable place—dark and with only room for about two chairs.

Well, one day Feargus O'Connell, son of the "Liberator," was going to make a speech, which he intended to be a very fine one, and so (like a good husband, caring more for the verdict of the critic on the hearth than any other) arranged for his wife to be in the ventilator hole to listen.

As soon as he had done speaking he rushed upstairs, and, entering that dark place, saw, as he supposed, his wife turn to greet him.

He threw his arms around her and kissed her warmly as he said: "Well, my darling, what did you think of it?"

But it so chanced that his wicked wife had not come, and that the wild Irishman had embraced a duchess, the wife of an influential minister, who declared to her husband that such mistakes must be prevented in future by making a proper ladies' gallery.—Chicago Journal.

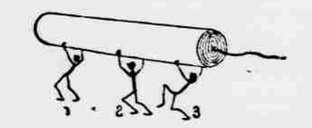
AN EDITION OF BURNS.

He is certainly far from poetic,
But when from his frolic he turns,
He seems—'tis a thought most pathetic—
A modern edition of Burns.
—Washington Star.

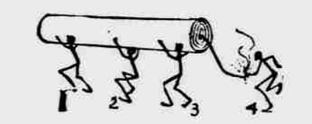
A Scheme That Failed.

Said Number One to Two and Three:
"What is this object that we see,
So long and smooth and red and round,
That lies before us on the ground?"

Said Number Three to Two and One,
"Here is a chance for some rare fun.
This is a cracker such as boys
Use on the Fourth to make a noise."



Said Number One to Three and Two:
"I'll tell you now what we will do;
We'll bear this home and then to-night
We'll give to Four a fearful fright."



Now Number Four chanced to be near
And happened these remarks to hear;
And touching to the fuse a light
Said: "Now we'll see who'll get the fright."

What happened one may plainly see.
Poor Numbers One, Two and Three
Were shocked and shook and tumbled o'er,
Which greatly pleased sly Number Four.
—Arthur J. Burdick, in Chicago Record.

Wise Precaution.

"And what is that especially large piece of fireworks?" asked the careful man's wife, as the inventory of Fourth of July material proceeded.

"That?" he inquired, holding up something quite large and beginning to take off the wrapping paper.

"Yes. Is it some new kind of sky-rocket?"

"No. It isn't anything in the pyrotechnic line. But it's the most important article in the whole collection."

"Why?" she exclaimed, as he took the paper entirely off. "It's a telescope!"

"Yes, and we'll never pass another Fourth without one. I got that so that Johnny could stand off and see whether the fuse of a cannon firecracker has really gone out or not."—Washington Star.

AN AVERAGE VERDICT.

It Was Struck Through a Difference of Opinion Among the Jury on Damages.

While the lawyers were waiting for court to open, and before they flew at each other's throats, they exchanged a few stories of the profession.

"The strangest trial in which I was ever engaged was one of my first," said a grizzled-headed attorney. "I was counsel for the plaintiff in a suit brought to recover damages caused by a runaway horse. My client had been knocked down and slightly bruised, not very much, just enough to base a lawsuit on. I had a very strong case: in fact, there was practically no defense, and the defendant was a rich man, so I asked for $2,000, hoping to get half. Well, when the jury came in they rendered a verdict for the plaintiff with damages assessed at $8,687. Of course the judge promptly set the verdict aside as excessive, and I had to begin all over again.

"Some days later I met the foreman of the jury and asked him how in the world they arrived at such a verdict.

"'Well, I don't quite understand it myself,' he said, scratching his head. 'We all agreed for the plaintiff on the first vote, but each fellow had his own ideas as to the damage. I was in favor of $1,000, another fellow thought it ought to be $2,000, and another stuck out for $700, and we were getting all tangled up, when one of the jury suggested that we strike an average.'

"'But you couldn't have done that,'" said I.

"'That's just what we did,' said the foreman. 'Each man put down what he thought right and I added them together. I know there does seem to be something wrong about that verdict, but hanged if I can see where it is!'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Why She Didn't Marry.

It was all the photographer's fault that Miss Vanderdecken didn't marry. She looked beautiful in the portrait she sent out to India, and all the men in her brother-in-law's regiment were raving about her, till somebody spied out at the back of the photo what that silly camera fellow had written. "The original is carefully preserved."—Household Words.

Comparisons.

"Now, there's Vinnie Garpickels," said Miss Hinkie, who sometimes paints. "She's an admirable elocutionist, but she ought never to try anything in art. It is painful to see the wretched daubs she does."

"I don't agree with you," replied Miss Pankie, who occasionally reads in public. "I can endure her canvases, but her elocution makes me sick."—Chicago Tribune.

A NAVAL HERO'S STORY.

From the Times-Herald, Chicago, Ill.

Late in 1861, when President Lincoln issued a call for volunteers, L. J. Clark, of Warren, Trumbull Co., Ohio, was among the first to respond. He joined the mortar fleet of Admiral Porter just before the memorable operations on the Mississippi River began. It was at the terrific bombardment of the Vicksburg forts that the hero of this story fell with a shattered arm from a charge of schrapnel.

After painful months in the hospital he recovered sufficiently to be sent to his home at Warren, Ohio. Another call for troops fired his patriotic zeal and Clark soon enlisted in Company H of the 7th Ohio Volunteers. In the army of the Potomac he was in many engagements. Being wounded in a skirmish near Richmond, he was sent to the hospital and thence home.

A Wounded Hero.

Soon afterward he began the study and then the practice of veterinary surgery. Seeking a wider field than the Ohio village afforded, he went to Chicago, where he now has a wide practice, is a member of Hatch Post, G. A. R., and lives at 4935 Ashland Ave.

Several years ago Dr. Clark's old wounds began to trouble him. He grew weak and emaciated, and his friends despaired of his life. He finally recovered sufficiently to be out, but was a mere shadow, weighing only 90 pounds. The best medical attendance failed to restore his lost strength and vigor.

"A friend gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Dr. Clark, "and they helped me so much that I bought a half dozen boxes and took them. I soon regained my strength, now weigh 190 pounds and, except for injuries that can never be remedied, am as well as ever.

"I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People the best remedy to build up a run down system, and heartily recommend them to everyone in need of such aid."

Practical.

Brother Will—Why don't you accept Jack? He's a record-breaker in intercollegiate cycling events.

Sister Sue—Yes; but I prefer a record-breaker in the safety deposit line.—Bicycling World.

"Feathers and Fins."

A pretty booklet just issued by the Frisco Line, which reaches the most satisfactory hunting and fishing grounds in these parts. You may have a copy, free, by addressing B. L. Winchell, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

The wise worm doesn't crawl out until after the early bird has eaten his breakfast.—Chicago Daily News.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

Sailors and Their Grievances.

The grievances of sailors examined by the authorities in ports of entry, where the seamen belong, often turn out to be imaginary or greatly exaggerated. But there are plenty of cruel and conscienceless skippers who abuse their crews. Violence is always objectionable, and pointedly so when it is exerted upon an unfortunate liver, stomach or bowels by dosing with drastic purgatives which weaken the intestines. Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Another Crime.

A hard-hearted Anglo-Spaniard when remonstrated with and told that the Cubans had for long been in a state of worse than serfdom, replied that it serfdom right.—Moonshine.

Parlance of the Sea.

Sailor—Whenever I give the winch a turn, belay me if she doesn't slip her hawser and pound like a donkey engine hoisting a nobleman's trunk.

Watchmaker—I see. The mainspring's broken.—Jewelers' Weekly.